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WHILE THE WORLD WAITS.

EUROPEAN conditions continue unsettled and menacing, largely because the United States is still outside the League of Nations.

At home affairs are disturbed and speculation rules for the same reason.

Senator Lodge's top-lofty argument will convince no one not already blinded to the true state of things international. The world may not settle down to peace when peace is finally proclaimed, but the means for its enforcement will be at hand and it will be possible to serve sufficient notice on the turbulent to bring about tranquillity, or at least as much of it as is possible in a wicked and unregenerate universe.

The strangest part of the performance is that Senator Lodge seems to think he is building up an issue upon which the discredited and incompetent Republican Party can again ride into office. In this he is grossly mistaken. There are rampant issues in the country which it could seize and make itself once more powerful. Instead, its leaders fatuously continue to oppose public sentiment, common sense and the welfare of the world.

When labor acquires the tools of capital will it not then become capitalistic? In which event, what shall be done next?

SAVING DAYLIGHT SAVING.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S determination to veto the bill which repeals the Daylight Saving Law will be welcomed by seven-tenths of the American people, and should be by the remaining three-tenths if they will stop and think.

The greatest good to the greatest number is the motto of a Democracy. Certainly no measure ever before enacted brought so much pleasure and refreshment to the majority of the American people as daylight saving. It has given them the enjoyment of the long, late summer afternoon for recreation or garden work, the latter alone bringing extraordinary blessings, as every man holding a patch of ground can testify.

It has been impossible to trace the persistent legislative activity for repeal to any definite source. The rural papers have been well supplied with canned matter from a mysterious woman in Omaha, who alone seems to be an opponent of the general welfare.

Of course, the coal, electric and gas companies would not be guilty of fomenting such a measure!

The Standard Oil Company has always managed to keep prices of gasoline and kerosene uniform and to force the reflection of all shifts in prices, up or down, on the retailer. The Sugar Trust did it also before the Government supervised the sale of its product. Why cannot the Beef Trust do likewise? Only raises are reflected by its retailers.

$6,000 A ROOM.

THE growth of gorgeous hostelries in New York promises to come to a permanent halt under the increased cost of construction, which has doubled since 1916. We have the word of an experienced architect that the cost of such buildings in that year averaged $3,000 per room, that ready method of calculating being used to arrive at a general result. Now it figures up $6,000 per room, or equal in price to that of a fairly good suburban house in the old days.

The rent-raising landlords have therefore something more than a kickless bar as an excuse for going up in charges. It is true that this is exorbitant on old values, but the new cannot meet it for less, so the hoist is easy.

A hotel, being permanent in its character, must eventually bear any decline in cost of construction. Those hotels or apartments already built can readily retreat. But the builder at the new figure must be bold indeed if he dares to invest under the circumstances.

The gateemed Evening Post announces that after Jan. 1 it will be under a Gay management. Ho! To the frolic!

Letters From the People.

A Civilian Boxing Instructor.
To the Editor of The Evening World:—

Kindly inform me the title of Benny Leonard while he was in service. Whether he was a Lieutenant or not. Yours truly,

DAVID GETZET,
Aug. 13. 107 East 109th Street.

Concerning Fares.
To the Editor of The Evening World:—

Why cannot car fare be arranged on the scaling list; a fare in Manhattan to be less than one which takes to the other boroughs? Are we here our brother's keeper? Should we be penalized to pay a fare for a long ride, when what we get is a short one (one profitable to the road)?

Every railroad in the world charges mileage fare, why should urban travel be considered different from general railroad calculation in this respect? The surface roads have led the way, by an extra charge for a longer ride; why not regulate some system on "L" and subway, that a circulation in Manhattan alone costs less than outside of its confines? Manhattan has paid the piper's tune to, by far, the greatest extent in the cost of the subways all over the greatest city; why aggravate the charge to the taxpayers here, by making us pay the carfare of our neighbors in the other boroughs? Respectfully,

LEWIS PHILLIPS.
Aug. 12, 1919. 158 Broadway, N. Y.

Automobile License.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am sixteen. Is it possible for me to get an automobile license if a licensed operator is in the car with me, and if so, how? Thanking you for your answer. Yours truly, M. L.
Aug. 10, 1919.

Apply for details at Automobile Bureau, Secretary of State's Office, No. 127 W. 65th St., Manhattan.

Widow's Compensation.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will you kindly inform me where I should apply and what steps should be taken in order to secure compensation under the Widow's Compensation Act? I am the mother of seven, three of whom are under sixteen years of age. Thanking you for your kindness, I am A CONSTANT READER.
Aug. 8, 1919.

Answer: Apply at the State Industrial Commission, No. 250 Fifth Avenue.

The Flies Get the Cream!

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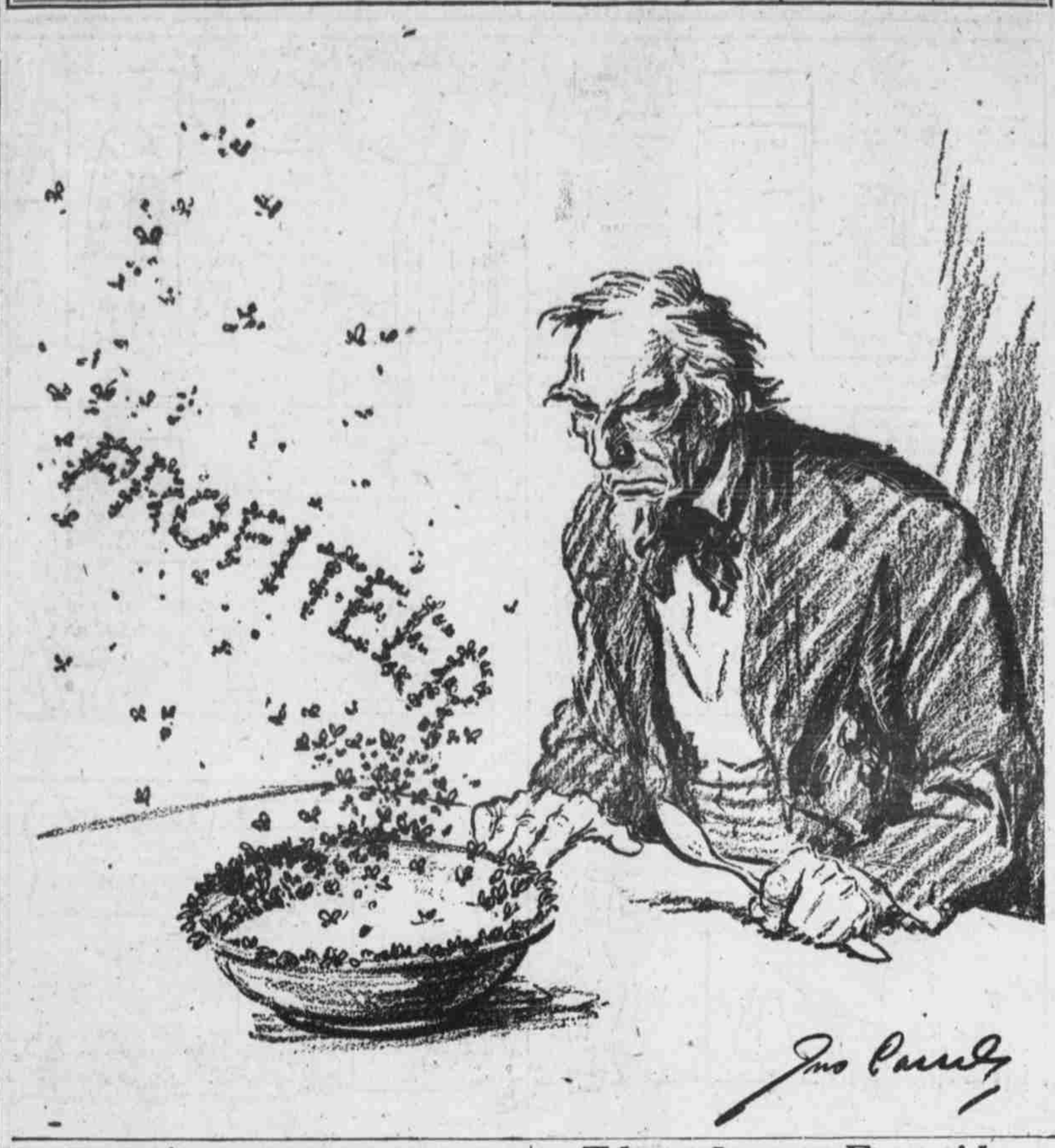
By J. H. Cassel



The Young Nurse at Thirteen And the Old One at Seventy

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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A CASE is now before the public of a girl nurse, thirteen years of age, who, it has been reported, because of her dislike for the other nurse of seventy, poisoned a child by giving it lysol.

While this girl has contradicted herself several times, as to her reason for giving the child the poison, the fact remains that the child is dead, whether by mistake or intent to murder.

It can never be brought back.

Evidently the old nurse of seventy had to be aided by the young girl of thirteen in the care of the baby.

This baby's death has doubtless caused no end of suffering and should serve as a warning for parents in the interest of their children.

No girl of thirteen should be allowed to act as nurse for a baby unless it is the child's own relative.

Also a woman of seventy, as a general rule, cannot be active nor thorough enough to be depended upon.

In the case of the young girl, not only is it unsafe for the infant that she cares for, but it is indeed detrimental to herself.

I have seen too much of the overburdened child in nursing the little ones of her own family. Go into any crowded section of a big city and you will see on the streets scores of little girls, their backs miserably bent in their effort to carry the weight of a baby sister or brother.

Small wonder that many of these children are weak and wan and weary of life long before the bloom of youth has passed.

It is not surprising that many of these children are under-sized, deficient and even delinquent.

They have borne burdens that nature never intended for young shoulders.

Many a little back has been weakened and many a child's bones miserably bent by just such care that has been put upon them by thoughtless parents.

I believe there should be a law against any woman hiring as a nurse any child under sixteen. In fact it is the law that unless a child has working papers after she has passed her fourteenth birthday, she cannot be employed legally in the State of New York; yet it should be more explicit, since many people employ young children in the home, little realizing they are breaking a statute.

It is bad enough for the over-burdened mother of many children out of dire necessity to have the help of her older ones in the care of the baby, but for a child to be hired out for the purpose is surely against all principles of safe-guarding growing youth.

If the truth could be ascertained, many of the children now in hospitals for various ailments are there because they have been over-worked when they are having their growing pains.

This matter of employing children should be one of community interest. It is of prime importance.

The child has many rights for which Mother Nature cries out.

Some of these are the right to be born right, the right to play, the right to have sufficient clothes and food and schooling, in the interest of making good citizens.

It is up to the individual to see to it that every child who in some way comes in touch with him is aided to get these necessary perquisites as far as he can.

This is the highest kind of community interest.

HURRAH FOR CHICAGO!

A Chicago inventor's motion picture projector is small enough to be carried in a suit case and uses an incandescent lamp so mounted that the film is kept cool and can be stopped for a picture to be examined.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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Mr. and Mrs. Rangle Pay a Social Call.

MR. and Mrs. Rangle came over to spend the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Jarr. It was a warm evening and it looked as though it would be a hot night—but why be peevish when friends call simply because you foolishly invited them?

"That's their ring!" said Mrs. Jarr as the bell rang. "Hurry up from the table, everybody!" she added. And then plaintively, "and I distinctly said 'after dinner.'"

"Oh, never mind the Rangles," said Mr. Jarr. "They've had their supper by this time. And even if they haven't, there's plenty here. What's the use of putting on airs for old friends? Anyway, a little iced tea and cold meat for the friends at our hospitable board is not beyond our modest means."

By this time the Rangles were at the portals of the Jarr flat.

"Come into the front room!" said Mrs. Jarr in joyous tones, after kissing Mrs. Rangle and shaking hands with Mr. Rangle. "Mr. Jarr is seeing the children having their dessert—you've had dinner, of course? We've just gotten through."

"There's an agreeable change in the weather, isn't there?" said Mrs. Rangle, ignoring the remark about dinner, for the Rangles hadn't dined and they expected a repeat of the invitation.

At this juncture Mr. Jarr came into the front room. "Glad to see you, folks!" he said heartily. "Come on out in the dining room."

This was a dangerous spot, under the circumstances, as Mrs. Jarr knew. The children were not through with their dessert, and Gertrude had not cleared off the table.

"Oh, you and Mr. Rangle just want to get at your old card playing, I know!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "Do wait till people who come to see you have time to get their breath after climbing the stairs. You and your old cards!"

The Jarr children had now come running in to greet the visitors and, ere Mrs. Jarr could sound a warning note, the little girl was hugging Mrs. Rangle and the little boy was on Mr. Rangle's knee, demanding five cents in a whispered "aside."

"Look at their hands!" cried Mrs. Jarr.

"Well, look at their hands. Don't look at me!" cried Mr. Jarr. "I'm not to blame for their having chocolate pudding on their hands. Gertrude should have seen they were washed."

"Don't you think Gertrude has enough to do? I was in here seeing Mr. and Mrs. Rangle and you might have looked after the children! It's hard enough to keep a girl, as it is, and they won't stay if you say the least thing to them! And yet there's people like that Mrs. Kittingly upstairs, with no children, or Mrs. Stryver, who has no children, either, who keep two or three and even four and five servants!"

Then she smacked the children and led them away to wash their hands, Mr. and Mrs. Rangle assuring her that the children hadn't harmed them in the least.

Mr. Jarr and Mr. Rangle then got into an excited argument as to nation wide strikes, the League of Nations and what we should do with Russia and Mexico, the danger of the stock market boom, baseball, race riots and other things of small interest and importance to the ladies.

"Why, where are the children?" asked Mrs. Rangle when Mrs. Jarr returned, for the men's conversation had bored her to extinction.

Mrs. Jarr announced that the girl was putting the children to bed.

At this instant the voice of Willie Jarr was heard in the hall. He was engaged in a passage of arms with Gertrude, the light-running domestic.

"I want my fi' cents!" he bowled.

"Mr. Rangle said he was going to give me fi' cents!" Then Willie lay down and kicked.

Mr. Jarr was called upon to take punitive measures, and the Rangles declared that they must go, they really must. They meant it, too.

"Oh, it's only the hot weather that makes the little things peevish," said Mrs. Jarr. "They'll be quiet now. Don't run away like this, we shall feel hurt if you do!"

And she gave Mr. Jarr a side glance and took Rangle's hat from him and Mrs. Rangle's handbag from her. As the handbag had what was left of Mr. Rangle's salary, Mrs. Rangle decided to take off her hat and stay a while, and in so doing, recovered her handbag, which was one comfort, for, as Mrs. Rangle said to Mr. Rangle afterward, "Who can you trust these days, with so many people taking up Bolshevism and wanting to seize everything the better classes have?"

How It Started

By Hermine Neustadtl

Dog Days.

"MUZZLE that dog! The idea of letting a dog go about that way in these dog days!" And it was a "dog day."

Why do we call very hot days dog days? To be sure, in the summer dogs are dangerous, and when people were not compelled to be as careful as they must be now to incapacitate them for doing harm the hot days witnessed enough horrible accidents to earn the appellation. But that isn't how it started.

The ancients with their myths and goddesses were ardent devotees of astronomy. The planets were popularized, so that school children were familiar not only with their symbolism but with their physical changes. "Dog days" was the name given by the ancients to a period of about forty days at the time of the rise of Sirius, the planet called the dog star. This happened to be at the hottest time of the year, the star rising on July 1. On account of the changes of precession of the equinoxes the date has been brought down to about July 23.

But, regardless of Sirius, we call them "dog days" if it is hot, and in cool weather do not divert our attention from the strenuous life to astronomical problems. Yet the planet rises just the same.

How They Made Good

By Albert Payson Terhune

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No. 73—MARK TWAIN, the Mule-Driver Who Became America's Foremost Humorist.

Editors Turned Him Down.

A LANKY, drawling-voiced mule-driver and river boatman decided that he was wasting his youth and his prospects in day-labor which got him nowhere. One trade after another he had tried in his lazy fashion. None of them suited him. None of them led to success.

Deep under the young fellow's outward semblance of laziness blazed an unquenchable fire of genius and an iron resolve to make good. His name was Samuel Clemens. The world knows him as "Mark Twain."

Without wasting more time in wearying and unprofitable toil on river or with his team, he turned his hand to writing. The first story he wrote was sent back to him by a caustic editor with the sneering comment:

"You'd better go back to mule-driving!"

Clemens refused to take the advice. He never "went back." That was not his way. To him there was always only one direction in which to go. And that was forward. And forward he went.

He kept on with his writing, grimly confident that he could make good along this line and along this line only. He was wise enough not to fly high, but to depict at first the homely life he knew—the life of river and camp and small town.

Into his writings, subconsciously, he put his own queer personality—his odd way of looking at life, the quaint mode of expressing himself that had won him a name for originality even in a region of strikingly original characters. In brief, he had hit upon a vein of humor which was as new as it was delightful.

Such work could not go long unrecognized. Presently the English-speaking world awoke to the knowledge that a mighty humorist had arisen. And the world was quick and eager to acclaim his genius. Mark Twain had made good.

One of the secrets of his success and of its long continuance was that he combined heart with wit. He was no mere shallow buffoon, earning a laugh by making the rest of mankind ridiculous. He was a true humorist, with warm sympathy for the sorrows of others; a heart that beat high at the wrongs of the weak; a sentiment that was never false or maudlin. (His splendid anti-vivisection crusade was but one instance of this.)

His was a combination which blended into genuine greatness and which kept his fame bright long after other would-be humorists of his time had been forgotten.

Wealth and Fame at Last.

Wealth and fame poured in upon him, but without changing his point of view or spoiling the perfection of his art. It was not until he turned from the thing he could do better than any one else—to the thing he could not do at all—that he met his first real setback.

That was when he backed a publishing firm for an enormous sum, and put another fortune into a typesetting machine. He had no practical knowledge of the publishing business or of modern machinery. Both ventures failed. Clemens was dead-broke and $70,000 in debt. Moreover, he was by this time growing old and was no longer strong.

Here he proved himself a man as well as a funmaker. For he refused to take the benefit of the Bankrupt Act or to let rich friends pay his debts. He went to work like any ambitious beginner, and a second time he made good.

After a few years of endless work and rigid economy—devoting every possible dollar to paying off the claims against him—he began to see daylight. To a friend he wrote:

"I'm getting more pleasure from paying money out than from pulling it in. We've lived close to the bone and saved every cent we could. There's no undisputed claim now that we can't pay. I have abundant peace of mind again."

At last he paid off every cent he owed. He had made good once more. Then he amassed enough of a new fortune by his writings and lectures to live in comfort for the rest of his days.

The Gay Life of a Commuter

Or Trailing the Bunch From Paradise

By Rube Towner

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The Harbor Master Accommodates a Friend.

THE bunch got home early and after disguising themselves as yachtsmen in flannel trousers or white duck, a blue coat and a cap, went down to the shore to see a local yacht race, for Paradise is on the water, though not yet on the water wagon.

"One advantage of a yacht race over a baseball game," said the local wag, "is that it is never called off on account of wet grounds."

After the race all hands went to the Paradise Hotel, which is on the bay shore, to celebrate with the victor and to fix up a challenge for Sir Thomas Lipton.

"Well, it's a good thing you got down here ahead of him," said Doc. "Just look at that bay—jammed with boats. Have you made any arrangements for anchorage for your friend's yacht?"

"No; do you have to do that?" asked Newcomer.

"Sure," said Doc, "or he can't stay. I'll introduce you to the Harbor Master and you can fix it up with him. Has anybody seen the Harbor Master? Anybody seen Gus?"

"I'll go get him," said Mawruss, everybody's friend, who seemed to take a special delight in this particular attempt to help out Newcomer.

In a few moments he returned with Gus, the Harbor Master, a handsome smooth-faced man, well groomed, wearing a blue serge and a cap with a monogram insignia which nobody could decipher.

"I don't know whether I can give him any anchorage," said the Harbor Master. Then to Newcomer he said: "Why didn't you apply for this when you learned your friend was coming? You knew about this yacht race here to-day; we're overcrowded worse than the Thames on regatta day; all the best anchorages were gone several days ago."

Doc gave Newcomer a wink and nodded toward the bar.

"Let's have a drink," said Newcomer.

"Come on up, boys," called the Harbor Master to the crowd, "everybody drinks when the Harbor Master drinks."

"I guess we can fix him up," said the Harbor Master after the libation. "I'll have to put him out beyond those oyster stakes; it's pretty close to the channel, but if he's got a good boat it will be safe enough. I suppose you know the regular fee?"

"No," said Newcomer, "I didn't know there was a fee."

"Five!" said Gus.

Waving the five dollar bill which Newcomer promptly paid, Gus called out:

"Come on up, boys; everybody drinks when the Harbor Master drinks."

Gus pocketed the change from the round and then asked Newcomer: "I suppose the Commodore will want a permit to come ashore whenever he feels like it?"

"I suppose so," said Newcomer; "I don't know anything about these regulations; whatever's the right thing to do we'll do."

"A permit will be two dollars," said the Harbor Master; "I'll hand it to the Commodore as soon as he comes in."

Newcomer paid and Gus called out:

"Come on up, boys; everybody drinks when the Harbor Master drinks."

Before the crowd had finished this round, a tall fine-looking man with a gray mustache and attired all in white duck, his cap bearing the emblem of his yacht club came in the screen door.

Newcomer rushed up to him, greeted him as "Commodore," and began an explanation and apology for not having attended to the anchorage arrangements earlier, but just then the Commodore—for it was Commodore Goodsole of the Three Stars—spied Gus.

"Why, Gus, you old sinner, how are you; I haven't seen you since that night we were together in Lyons, France, before the war, when you were on your annual buying trip"——

"He's Harbor Master here now," interrupted Newcomer, "and I've fixed it with him for your anchorage and permit to come ashore."

With a pitying smile the Commodore permitted Newcomer to explain. Then he said:

"Gentlemen, let us have a drink; Newcomer, here's hoping you will grow wiser as you grow older, and here's to the good health of my old friend, Gus Kidder, the best named man in America."